

ÆSOP at *OXFORD*: Or, a few select *Fables* in Verse, in
the following Heads, *viz.*

Æsop Matriculated. *Æsop's* Thanks. *Æsop's* Case. The Pay-master General. The famous Hist
Goodman I did it. The Paradox. The Devil on two Sticks. The Female Hypocrite. A notable
A Prelent for a Courtier. Worse and Worse. *Whitehall* and *Sr. James's*. A Woman that did Good
in her Life. Diamonds cut Diamonds. The Foreigner. The modern Convert. Modern in Mini
The Picture of an Ecclesiastick. The General Peace. One that lost his Life for being out of Danger.
Way of the World. The Case is alter'd. The Cure worse than the Disease. Sauce for a Goose,
for a Gander. The Shortest Way with the Dissenters. The Royal Mourner. The Candidates.
Conclusion.

Ita Rifores, - ita commendare dicaces
Conveniet Satyros, ita vertere seria Ludo.
Hor. Art. Poet.

Æsop Matriculated.

Æ *SOP* grown weary of the Trade
Of teaching *Beaux* that could not read,
And dictating to *Belles*,
Who not a Jot the better grew,
For all that he could say or do,
Resolv'd to leave the Wells:
But where to take up his Abode,
His Visage was so monstrous odd,
The Sage was much to seek,
Since honest *Truth* would ne'er go down
In Country, City, Court or Town,
With such a frightful Back.
At last the Wight took Heart of Oak,
And thus to *Alma Mater* spoke:
"Hail, venerable Dame!
"Hail, Learning's most auspicious Queen!
"Thou Judge of what resides within
"This coarse unsightly Frame!
"To thee poor *Samian Æsop* flies,
"From more than * *Delphian* Cruelties, * *Murder'd*
"In search of a Retreat, at *Delphos*.
"Where he may do his Hearers good,
"And by his Readers understood,
"With a Reception meet.
When Vice-Chancellorian Voice
Told him the Dame approv'd his Choice,
And made him swear by *Isis*,
That he'd still be a mortal Foe
To Culprits, whether high or low,
That dar'd encourage Vices.
Thus, having paid for † *Sature-Book*, † *A Custom*
In which few fresh Men ever look, of the *Univer-*
And Graduates seldom pores in, ty at *Entrance*.
Till they get into Proctors Places,
And shew they've gotten all their Paces,
By Scholars Mulcts exploring.

MORAL.

FOOLS, and conceited Fops, Reproof despise,
Judging those Intermedlers, that advise,
That lay down Maxims, and Instructions give;
Not how to dress themselves, but how to live;
As the Bath, Tunbridge, Epsom, disagree
With this our Mother-University,
Who doats on Vertue, tho' its Looks are plain,
And quits fair Features, for a pregnant Brain.

Æsop's Thanks.

TWO Milk-white Hinds, with Age and Hon
Had long for an Alliance been renown'd [crow
While they without Contention, sep'rate fed,
And each distinctly graz'd its proper Mead:
The same their Pasture, as the same their Kind,
In Want, in Plenty, and in Danger join'd.
Fortune a-like to both profusely gave,
And neither could her farther Bounty crave,
Since all the Riches of the Field was theirs;
Their Blessings equal, and alike their Cares.
The first from long descending Parents sprung;
Old as the Day, but like its * Ruler young; * *Apo.*
Like her own Meadow, whose eternal Green
Spreads, and with Smiles dilates the chearful Scene
Loyal and Just, Obsequious and Sincere;
Her Prince had all her Love, her Gods had all her Fe
Fruitful in Kind, she fill'd the neighb'ring Lawns
And with a Parent's Fondness nurs'd her Fawns,
'Till grown mature, and fit to brouze around
The distant Woods, and spurn remoter ground;
Some were sent out to preach, and be of Use
To regulate the Lewd, and fix the Loose:
Others upheld their injur'd Client's Cause,
Made Advocates, and Guardians of the Laws;
In Rural Synods, and in Senates, known
T' assert Religion, and defend the Throne.

Second, for her Sister's Verrues fam'd,
 Advantages that can be nam'd;
 Mistress of indisputable Charms,
 Knowledge eminent, for Arts and Arms,
 Acquirements Industry cou'd gain,
 Or Application could obtain,
 Her Counsellors had likewise bred,
 Who cou'd her its unweildy Head,
 Wrigg'd into Pow'r by t'other's Fall,
 Who would her of Sister take the Wall,
 She still was ready to address,
 T'other ne'er applauded Things by Guess;
 Would the Lyon he from Foes was safe,
 Led by her Stag's auspicious Laugh.
 Length, between 'em both, a Suit's prefer'd,
 Liberty and Property's the Word:
 Rusty Rolls and Records brought in Play,
 Made out the first should bear the Sway;
 In vain, the last contending strove,
 Could refer the doughty Cause to Jove.
 Impartial God, to finish the Dispute,
 Summ'd up the Claims of either Brute:
 Said he, crave Precedency of Place,
 Cause you are the Eldest of your Race;
 And you, Dame, enter such another Plea,
 Cause you're oftner seen at Court, than she.
 Hold:—The first's Pretensions I admit,
 And place her in the sacred Throne of Wit;
 Justice allows you both your proper Rights;
 And have more honest Sons, and more Knights.

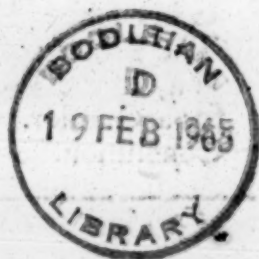
Æsop's Fable.

Here was a Fellow hard at Work a Sowing
 The Grounds which he had Plough'd,
 At which a Swallow cry'd aloud,
 Take Notice what that Country-man's a doing.
 'Tis, said she, the feather'd Kind's ensnar'd,
 "And all the Fowler's Nets,
 "Which he for our Destruction sets,
 "Made of Flax, and are of Hempe prepar'd.
 "That, that's the fatal Seed which now is sown;
 "Wherefore be on your Guard,
 "And to prevent what's to be fear'd,
 "Let's pick it up soon as the Fellow's gone.
 "Spake, but might as well have spar'd her Words,
 "Not one of them would take
 "Her Counsel, or, for Safety's Sake,
 "Would act as should be done by cautious Birds.
 "For, the Business was, from Time to Time,
 "Till Seed took Root, delay'd;
 "And then again, 'till in the Blade
 "Was almost ripe, and in its full-grown Prime.
 "Sight of this, the Swallow, once for all,
 "Told 'em, 'twas not too late,
 "Ev'n yet to stop approaching Fate,
 "To prevent their unregarded Fall,
 "Would they bestir themselves with all their Might,
 "Before it farther grew.
 "But finding they would nothing do,

And 'twas the Swallows Fortune,
 While she was safe behind the Curtin,
 To see most of 'em, as she told 'em, caught,
 The Captive Birds, grown wiser at the last,
 Were frighten'd to a Sense
 Of their late Want of Providence,
 But ne'er reflected, 'till all Hopes were past.

M O R A L.

WISE Men Effects in Causes spy,
 And point out Dangers near ye;
 Fools leave due Care, 'till by and by,
 And cry, Anon, they hear ye.
 When Opportunity gives Way,
 And they're no longer able
 To practice what Advisers say,
 Which verifies this Fable
 As for the Swallow's Part 'tis plain,
 That she came off with Honour;
 And since she was in such a Vein,
 'Twas well the Birds fell not upon her,
 Since among Men 'tis often found,
 That those who deal sincerely,
 And hold Opinions just and sound,
 Pay for them most severely.
 Witness a Time when Finas and Goal,
 For Truth were brought in Fashion,
 And those were held t' excessive Bail,
 That undeceiv'd the Nation.



The Pay-Master General.

SLY Mercury once had a Whim in his Head,
 To hear what the Folks below Stairs of him said;
 And, in order to this, left his Wings and his Rod,
 Whilst all the Regalia belong'd to a God,
 And, disguis'd in the Shape of a Mortal, would try
 To fathom their Thoughts in Discourse by the By.
 So away he trudg'd on, 'till he happen'd to light
 On a Shop that would answer th' Enquiry at Sight;
 Where amongst other fam'd Curiosities plac'd,
 He his Eyes upon several Deities cast.
 The first which he cheapen'd, was who but Great Jove,
 Whose Pimp he had been in Employments of Love,
 And would have come at a moderate Price;
 But Juno the Goddess diverted his Eyes.
 "Well, says he, what Rate does her Majesty hold?
 When the Carver said, That would for so much be sold.
 And because of her Peacocks, set her up somewhat higher,
 But low enough still between Seller and Buyer.
 The Figure that next was presented to View,
 Was his Worship's, with Wings and Caduceus too;
 Set out in his Holiday-Cloths and Condition,
 And equipt with the Ensigns that shew'd his Commission.
 "So, this is as't should be, to himself he straight cry'd,
 "The Carver has done but what's right on my Side:
 "For here I am deckt with the Badge of my Place,
 "Chief Foot-man to Jove, by his Majesty's Grace,
 "And adorn'd with the Trinkets in every Part,
 "That speak me the Patron of Trade, and of Art.
 "Will this very Fellow, as sure as I'm here,

" Why, truly, good Master of mine, he reply'd,
 " That you may not say Matters go hard on your Side,
 " And because many Words may be reckon'd but
 (Jargon,
 " Buy the two you first cheapen'd, that's into your
 (Bargain.

M O K A L.

SO said a Cormorant of State,
 Whose Palace of a House is that?
Which he himself had built,
As he on th' River row'd along,
Not minding either Right or Wrong,
Since press'rous in his Guilt,
When he was told the Place he saw
Belong'd to Grid-iron——,
Than whom, no Thief was bolder:
But since 'twas built at their Expence,
'Twas not his, in another another Sense,
But the poor wounded Soldiers.

The famous History of Goodman I did it.
Perch'd on a Wheel, upon a Summer's Day,
 And in a Temper blith and gay,
 A Fly crys, " What a Dust I raise!
 And to the Waggon, says,
 " See how I choke the clouded Way!
 " That the poor Horses, almost blind,
 " Their Stage cannot arrive at;
 And so, when fix'd behind
 One of the swiftest of the racing Kind,
 " What a confounded Race I drive at!

M O R A L.

SO crys the Cit, who never mounted Guard,
 'Slife! how we beat the French at Audenard?

The Paradox; or, He that wins, loses the Day.
TWO Cocks once in a Duel strove,
 Which should the Mast'ry gain;
 Which should the most his Strength approve,
 And o'er the Dung-hil reign,
 Blows follow'd Blows, and Blood for Blood,
 On either Side was shed,
 As they for Pow'r contending stood,
 And peck'd, and sparr'd, and fought, and fed,
 'Till one, quite worsted in the Fight,
 And bristling up his Hackle,
 Cry'd, and turn'd Scamperer out-right,
 Bidding his Enemy good Night,
 He'd have no more o' th' Battle.
 At this, victorious Chanticleer,
 Up to the House-top flew,
 To give himself a Conq'ror's Air,
 And most insulting grew.
 He clapt his Wings, and loudly crow'd,
 To make his Vict'ry known,
 And arrogantly told Abroad,
 What Wonders he had done;
 When, had the Craven of his Foe,
 O'er whom he triumph'd with such Grace,
 Stood but to strike another Blow,
 He might have been in t'other's Place.
 While he was in this boasting Mood,
 His Velour to display.

With Force impetuous strong,
 To truss the thoughtless Conq'ror up,
 And make the Fool repent his Song:
 By this Adventure, it fell out,
 The Braven which from Danger slunk his Head,
 Strutted entirely o'er the Female Rout,
 And had his Mistresses from whom he fled.

M O R A L.

TIS just with Princes, as with these two Bird
 They strive to each others Lords,
 And hold Imperial Sway,
 As they the Terror of their Arms disperse,
 To make th' astonish'd Universe
 Their several Laws obey.
 France and the Empire both have done
 The same as these Two Cocks have been a doing,
 The last was very near its Ruin,
 And plainly into Coverts run,
 'Till in the midst of French Hofannah's,
 Down the British Eagle stoop'd,
 And at one Pounce the Conq'rors swoop'd,
 To shew that Victory was Anna's.
 But let Great Britain, whilst her Genius smiles,
 Remember France has sev'ral Lifes,
 In Namur, Mons, and Conde;
 And if she gives much Way to Pride,
 Fortune may yet espouse the vanish'd Side,
 And she may pay for it one Day.

The Devil upon Two Sticks; or, Old Age and Wedlock
A Formal Piece of Gravity,
 That with up-lifted White of Eye,
 Had liv'd to a prodigious Age,
 Resolv'd, before he left the Stage,
 And quitted a Vexatious Life,
 To know what's what, and take to Wife;
 For all his Days so chaste were spent,
 He knew not what a Woman meant,
 Or ever had a Wambling a'ter.
 What makes the Mouths of most Men water;
 And as Concupiscence was strong,
 So he sought out for one was young:
 When the good Devil still at Hand,
 To make his Pupils understand,
 What may seduce them all aside,
 Ow'd him a Shame, and brought a Bride,
 A buxom Piece of Flesh, and dainty,
 Whose Age was about Two and Twenty,
 And who could give his Seventy Two,
 More Work by half than he could do.
 Wedded, the doating Fop was brought
 To a more serious Course of Thought,
 And to lament, that in his Prime,
 He'd so ill Husbanded his Time.
 " When I was in my Noon of Life,
 " I wanted then, said he, a Wife;
 " But now its Ev'ning's come, and Night
 " Shadows the Verge of Life and Light,

M O R A L.

THIS Fable may, with Justice, be apply'd
To City, Town, and Court,
Since Multitudes of either Sort
Have done the same as this our old Man did.
But let them take this Observation too,
Lest they should wander in the Dark,
Each of their Wives may have her Spark,
Will make her not to want what Husband's cannot do.

The Female Hypocrite; or, A Girl for the Times.

FOUR Sisters once, a pretty handsome Brood,
Liv'd altogether in one Neighbourhood.
The first and eldest of the Race
Had Peggy for her Name,
A Wench of Sanctity and Grace,
That wore a Revelation-Face,
And was of such a Godly Frame,
That her old Mother still would be a twitting,
In and ev'ry Hour in t'other's Teeth a hitting
Their Sister Peggy's Way of Living.
'Twill be long enough, she said,
Before you'll do as Peggy did,
And such a Pious Countess be driving.
Peggy would ne'er do this or that,
Nor such unrighteous Haunts be at.
And twenty such Good-morrows,
With Peggy always, right or Wrong,
The everlasting Burthen of her Song,
Were giv'n to her bewilder'd Daughters Sorrows.
Now, this same Sister Peg of theirs,
Was a long-winded Wench at Pray'rs,

And mightily, it seems,
Employ'd in dreaming holy Dreams;
She so well had play'd her Part
With such Diffimulation,
And her Tongue spoke what ne'er came near her Heart,
Of Saints, and Saint-like Moderation.
Friday-Face for ev'ry Day she wore,
Short-Hand Book still at her Girdle bore,
And ev'ry Night was laid
The Crumbs of Comfort on her Head,
To keep the Tempter at Arms-length,
By Dint of Bunyan's Pilgrims Strength,
From getting into Bed.
The Name of Play-house robb'd her of her Wits.
Dancing-bout would put her into Fits,
Down she fell into a Sound.
And if she trod on consecrated Ground,
Was much more dreadful, than a Gospel-Woe.
As for her Sisters, they all three
Us'd a Behaviour frank and free,
Void of noisy Bawls or Strife,
Innocent Diversions pass'd their Life;
They would they into Conversation fall,
Now be at the Comedy or Ball,
Without any Colour or Pretence,
Giving others Scandal or Offence.
But this did not prevent
The Mother's Tongue, but on it went
To tease her Daughters, and decry
His honest, undesigning Liberty.

' You're like to prove most hopeful Birds;
' When will you from those Vanities refrain,
' And this ungracious World renounce and shun
' The Devil, and all his Works, as Peg has done,
' And turn Recluses of your own Accords?
' Oh! Madam, cry'd the Girls, pray never fear;
' The World is not so very dear,
' But by that Time we've been
' Eye-Witnesses of what she's seen,
' We, by the same Experience taught,
' May the same Opinion hold
' To its Enjoyments cold,

' And of it entertain as bad a Thought.
Now, had poor Peggy been an arrant Whore,
And had two Bastards, and three Poxes bore.

M O R A L.

THIS suits with many that pretend a Call
To Salter's, or to Pinner's-Hall;
Where many a holly Sister,
After the Man of Flesh has kiss'd her,
Hears the Man of Spirit bawl;
And daub'd with Presbyterian Paint,
Learns how to whine, and wink, and cant;
Knott's Quotations to explore,
And o'er Geneva-Bible run,
'Till she at Meeting passes for a Saint,
That was a Sinner just before,
And will be so again when Sermon's done.

A notable Sort of an Allie.

TH E Beasts, with Indignation warm'd,
Against the Birds a grand Alliance form'd,
And made a gen'ral Invitation
To all that would espouse the Combination.
Amongst the rest, the Fishes, one and all,
Said, They'd with their Confederates stand and fall;
And sign'd the glorious League.
With Threatnings, and with Words as big,
As if themselves would end the War at once,
And pick their Adversaries Bones.
In short a War was instantly declar'd,
And every Thing to take the Field prepar'd.
When these same Fishes, who before
Had such eternal Friendship swore,
Instead of sending Troops were stat'd,
Or Ammunition stipulated,
Sent their Excuse, to let 'em understand,
Fishes were never us'd to march by Land.

M O R A L.

Should we presume to invert the Tale
On our Allies in ———,
And cry they ne'er equipp'd a Sail,
The World would our Assertion gain-say.
Or should we, on the other Hand,
Say they may do the same by Land,
Unless they make a better Stand,
Than some did Almanza;
Would it not be a pretty Fancy?

And as he drove to *Portsmouth* Mart,
That he might to his Profit with 'em part.
The Pig scream'd out, as if he'd cut her Throat,
While t'other two as quiet lay,
As if they'd been asleep,
And not a Syllable would say,
But seem'd contented. All the Way
The Carter whistl'd, should'ring of his Whip.
In short, the Matter came to this at last,
So much to Heart the Pig her Journey took,
And the Design for which she there was cast;
That Bumpkin, as he forward pass'd,
Was forc'd to give her a severe Rebuke.

"Huzy, said he, pray cease to keep
This damn'd confounded Squalling;
"Your Betters, the rich Goat, and Sheep,
"Make none of these Out-crys, nor weep;
"And what Occasion is there for your Bawling?
"Woe's me, there's Need enough, the Grunter cry'd,
"The Sheep and Goat may for their Lives compound,
"Their Milk and Wool will save their Hides,
"And plead most powerfully on their Sides,
"When nothing can for my Escape be found.
For the poor Pig is sure to go to pot;
(This made her loudly to squeal on)
Immediate Death's her certain Lot,
Because she is not worth a Groat,
Till she is dress'd, and made a Meal on.

M O R A L.

THUS S— may, unpunish'd, basely treat
The Good, the Valliant, Wise, and Great,
And censure H——'s Tricking,
When a poor Author shall but say
He wish'd Things went another Way,
And H—— have him Pillory'd for Speaking:
Which the preceding Fable hits:
For had but S— liv'd upon his Wits,
And never preach'd at S—n,
'Tis Odds but this incorrigible Whig
Had far'd as coarsly as the little Pig,
Not as the rich and fleecy Mutton.

Worse and Worse.

A Cook was frying a good middling Dish
Of sev'ral Kinds of living Fish;
Who, soon as they began
To feel the Frying-pan,
Grew restless at its Heat,
And in a wond'rous Per,
"There's no enduring this, cry'd one;
"Why here's the Devil to do said t'other;
And so with joint Consent, to shun
One Evil, they embrac'd another.
As they, endeavouring to escape,
Made a most untoward Leap,
To which they had Recourse
To better Things, not make 'em worse.
While the Cook saw each Mother's Child expire,
Out of the Frying-Pan, into the Fire.

M O R A L.

Would any People, that has common Sense,
Not look about for Means and Ways,
Their ancient Grandeur, and their Fame to
When Means and Ways at last were pitch'd up
And they call'd into the Sweed,
To help 'em in their Time of Need,
The Sweed their Towns with conqu'ring Troops
And they who fear'd there Foes, were by their Fri

(un)

Whitehall and St. James's to a Hair.

A Certain Horse, that in his Days,
With other Cattle us'd to graze,
And in the Common had his Feeding,
Happen'd to light upon a Master,
That turn'd him into better Pasture,
Where he was pamper'd up, and kept for Breeding
At this a certain Hackney Jade,
That oft had been his Comrade made,
Thought it might advantageous be,
To visit and congratulate
His old Friend in his new Estate,
And give him his good Company.
But how the Stallion frisk'd and fleer'd,
And on his late Acquaintance leer'd,
As he survey'd, from Side to Side,
Tibb's meagre Aspect, and his shaggy Hide,
And gave him, for his Welcome, this Salute,
"Pray, Sir, the Favour of your Name?
And after asking whence he came,
"What is the Business you are come about?
"Why, truly, said the Visitant,
"Your Worship does your Eye-sight want,
"And I, on purpose, hither stole,
"With you, on this Occasion, to condole.
"For this same Clover, as I find,
"To all Intent's has struck you blind,
"Since, if you had not wholly lost your Sight,
"You an old Friend had known of Course:
"So Mr. Courtier of a Horse,
"I'll e'en jog homeward, and good Night.

M O R A L.

SO Men, that to Preferment rise,
From Dung hills, rais'd to Dignities,
Have very treach'rous Memories.
Ask but the B—— how his L——p does,
He nothing of the Matter knows
But into nobler Conversation goes.
When he, whose Favour you lay seige at,
Perhaps might be your intimate Collegiate:
Nay, what is more, for all his Stir,
Your Pupil, or your Servitor.
Put the same Question to a Benchier
He has forgot you, 'tis long since, Sir;
Right Worshipful, and you, had each a Wench, S
Thus some to strut, like Crows, at Court may clare
From being Valets of his Lordship's Chamber.

Doctors upon Doctors, late,
their Verdict of his weak Estate;
one of all the Colledge would engage
him on his Legs again,

When they try'd Apozems to ease his Pain,
Juleps to resist the Fever's Rage;

As the Patient would allow
Breach of his Religious Vow,
do as other young Men did,
were not Women's Use forbid,
to their Comforts, understood
Grand Elixir of true Flesh and Blood.

poor Man humm'd and haw'd, and held
long Debate within,

twixt the Rem'dy and the Sin,

would not be inclin'd to yield;

at the last, to end the Strife,

was inclin'd to save his Life,

and had the Wit

let his Doctors do as they thought fit,

who one and all agreed,

with all convenient Speed;

out an Arm full of a buxom Lais

the Bed wherein he was,

to see how this their Recipe'd succeed;

in this was done, they thought it best

gave the Patient to his Rest,

so the Curtains drew,

leaving him for two Hours adieu.

Time appointed, laps'd and gone,

came to see what had been done;

their Prescription wrought,

view the Virtues of their Cooling Draught.

What did they there, but the Religious find

ing his Hair, and beating of his Breast,

As if his very Heart would break,

For this Adventure's Sake,

and grown distemper'd in his Mind?

Who had the Seat of Sense possess'd.

They some Anodines from Scriptures got,

and reason'd with him on the Spot,

quoting many sage Quotations,

all and to becalm his Passions,

but grew extravagant and hot.

Story moral and prophane,

tries to settle his ferment'd Brain,

viewing this and that might make him see

ing was sinful in their Recipe.

Gentlemen, said he, to clear your Doubts,

trouble is not thereabouts;

Qualms of Conscience now are o'er:

it goes to my very Heart,

it makes my Soul with Anguish smart,

think, that I was never sick before.

M O R A L.

YOU may talk what you please, said Lais said,

That Fops and Fools alone promote my Trade;

all affirm, and in the Truth persist,

philosophers and likewise kiss'd.

That bled extremely all the while!

The File was blooded o'er and o'er,

The more 'twas stain'd, she lick'd the more,

'Oh! 'tis prodigious Sweet!

'No Mortal, says she, ever cou'd

'Have lit on more delicious Food,

'Or better tasted Meat.

Still fancying 'twas the File that bled,

And that she on its Entrails fed,

And satisfy'd her Hunger;

Resolv'd to make an end on't quite,

She gave the Steel full many a Bite.

When she could bite no longer;

But finding that her Teeth would break,

Before she could Impression make,

And that her Tongue was sore,

All that the foolish Mortal got,

Was, to leave it on the spot,

And let it lie, where it was laid before.

M O R A L.

LET Officers, from hence, take Heed

How they in their Cabals proceed;

How they attempt their Betters to devour,

And wriggle their Superiors out of Pow'r;

Lest, while they others Falls design,

The meet with such a Countermine,

As some have done, poor empty Souls!

Who thought they work'd like any Moles;

But, at last found, to all their Costs,

Their Labour, and their Places lost,

And, 'stead of running others on the Shelves,

Were split on Rocks, and drown'd themselves.

The Foreigner.

A Snake that us'd in Privacy to dwell,

Confin'd to a poor narrow Cell,

Would needs an Inmate have;

And pinch'd by a cold Winters Frost,

A Hedge-hog, that he meets, accosts,

And offers him a Lodging in his Cave.

But when the new-invited Guest

Had into his Appartment press'd,

It was so very close,

The Snake crys out, 'Twill never do,

'This Room's not big enough for Two,

'Your Prickles hinder my Repose;

'So that you must of Consequence

'Prepare for your Departure hence,

'As Matters now appear;

'Wherefore take Warning, and provide

'Some other Quarters where you may reside.

'I shall be spuez'd to Death, if you live here.

Then says the Hedge-hog, 'He that cannot stay,

'May buy a Bresh, and go his Way.

'For my part, I approve

'This pretty little Tenement;

'And if you're not content,

'You're free, when you think fitting, to remove.

M O R A L.

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Lest they do make his Case their own,
 And in vain wish'd they'd liv'd alone,
 Without inviting, to their Costs,
 Hedge-Hogs, that dispossess their Hosts.
 And thou, Great Britain, who, from Dangers free,
 Triumph'st at Land, and rul'st at Sea;
 Whose Standards through the Globe display'd,
 Spread themselves out for injur'd Kingdoms Aid,
 Doat not too much on Alien Spies,
 Nor trust 'em, if thou'rt Wise;
 Lest London, like thy Spittle-Fields should show,
 And Westminster be crowded like Soho;
 Lest it, which Heav'n forbids, be brought about,
 That a strange Language jostle English out.

The Modern Convert.

A Priest would once to Task a Soldier take;
 For his Lewd Life, and his Profession's Sake,
 Text after Text was consequently brought,
 To work him to a fit Result of Thought:
 As all the Dangers were before him laid,
 And Sins and Troubles, which attend that Trade.
 'Wherefore, says he, as you regard your Soul;
 'Dear Sir, renounce a Calling that's so foul,
 'That must of Course obstruct a Heav'nly State,
 'By rend'ring you still unregenerate.
 'Well, Father, says the Soldier, let me see
 'First what it brings me in, 'twixt you and me;
 'Six-pence a Day throughout the last Campaign,
 'To that no Plunder of one Church in Spain.
 'Item, a wounded Weather-beaten Carcass,
 'No Cloaths upon my Back, (a cursed hard Case!)
 'No Nuns-Flesh for above these Six Months past,
 'And almost ev'ry Holiday a Fast!
 'Come, I had e'en as good take your Advice;
 'For who'd be Satan's Servant at this Price?
 'Besides, we get so little now-a-days,
 'And Officers so geld the Soldiers Pays,
 'That damn this Bsu'ness, without farther Strife,
 'Ill e'en strike into a Religious Life.

M O R A L.

Courtiers and Soldiers are the same,
 By Interest always led,
 As neither of 'em play their Game,
 For Conscience, but for Bread.
 The Soldier never looks within,
 Or makes the least Reflexions,
 'Till want of Plunder, not the Sin,
 Makes him condemn his Actions.
 Nor would some Courtiers turn about,
 From Low-Church, to the High,
 Were they from Posts not elbow'd out,
 And bid they not some Mischiefs in their Eye.

Sauce for a Goose, Sauce for a Gander.

A Miller once, too cunning for a Rat,
 Surpriz'd the Rogue amongst his Meal,
 And there was this Law brought, and that,
 Forbad the Courte the Fellow had been at,
 To shew him 'twas a Crime to steal;
 This comes of Thieving, straight says he,
 And a lewd Life and Conversation:
 Vengeance o'ertakes bad Folks, you see,
 Amidst their very Roguery,
 And Practice of Abomination.
 Alas! Sir, crys the Rat, I make
 No manner of a Trade on't;
 But the poor Pittance which I take,
 Is only for Life - Preservation sake;
 That's all I ever made on't.
 Thus the Poor Pris'ner, in his own Defence,
 On one Hand, Hunger pleaded,
 As on the other, Conscience
 Was urg'd, and Punishment the Fence,
 To keep off such as in his Way proceeded.
 Should Knaves be suffer'd to survive,
 The Judge says, and on the Laws to trample,
 There's not an honest Man alive,
 Could in this wicked World thrive;
 Wherefore you must be worry'd, for Example,
 Well, crys Culprit, once for all,
 If, for my sake, there's nothing to be done;
 Consider, that as I for Mercy call,
 So you may into the same Danger fall,
 And that my Case, is nothing but your own:
 We're both of us Corn-Merchants, it is plain,
 And of the same Fraternity;
 Nay, and what's more, I dare maintain,
 You take a thousand, for a single Grane,
 That's ever took by me.
 How? cry'd the Miller, all enrag'd at that,
 Are these fit Words for honest Men to bear?
 But who'll believe a Lyar of a Rat?
 So call'd the Executioner, his Cat,
 And bid him do what we call Justice here. MO

M O R A L.

SO Deans may one another's Faults expose,
 'Till they are both found faulty in the Close
 As one derides the Doctrine & other teaches,
 When he himself those very Doctrines preaches.
 So B—ps are Non-Residence despraising,
 When they themselves hold B—pricks in Gray's-

The Cure worse than the Disease.

A N Occulist, whose Fame was known
 In ev'ry Ale-House of the Town,
 For curing of blind Eyes and dark,
 As any Doctor Read or Clark,
 Had bargain'd with a Man to give him Sight,
 And had just set all Matters right,
 To go upon the Operation,
 And couch him without Hesitation:
 But the poor Patient bid him hold his Hand,
 'Till he could something understand

World is that I'm like to see,
 Once of my Distemper free?
 Oh! says the Doctor, never be in Pain,
 Soon as you have your Sight again,
 The self-same World you'll surely find,
 You saw, before your Eyes were blind.
 Nay then, the Patient resolutely cries,
 E'en take your Preparations from my Eyes;
 Pocket your Couching Needles, and your Tools,
 And homeward with your grand Ophthalmick Rules;
 For I had rather grope my way before ye,
 Than see the second Part of the same Story.

M O R A L.

THUS 'tis sometimes with Men of all Degrees;
 Some Remedies are worse than the Disease;
 With Antipodagrisms the Doctor stops ye,
 Till those Elixirs make the Gout, the Dropsy.
 So States themselves, when cur'd of Danger,
 May, by the very Means that cur'd 'em, die,
 And sink into the Grave through Poverty.

Moderation in Miniature.

A Knot of Fellows, out upon the Pad,
 Took ev'ry Penny that a Travel'r had,
 And having search'd him o'er and o'er,
 To see if he had any more,
 One of the Gang, a most calc-harden'd Rogue,
 Cry'd, Daman you, Sirrah, for a Dog,
 You have more Money yet,
 Deliver, or you shall be soundly beat.
 Lord, Brother, said his Comrade strait,
 Why do you talk at this Unchristian Rate?
 Cannot you treat the Gentleman as we,
 And take his Money civilly;
 Without this horrid Execration,
 And calling Names unworthy of your Station?
 They were marching off the Ground,
 To see what other Purchase might be found,
 Nay, Gentlemen, the Traveller says,
 My House so many Miles off lays,
 I have many weary Steps to jog it,
 Without one Farthing in my Pocket.
 I seem to be Men, by your Favour,
 And a compassionate Behaviour;
 Therefore, I hope you'll be so kind
 To leave so much of what you took, behind,
 To pay my Charges on the Road defray,
 To speed me forward on my Way.
 Yes, the Lord forbid it else, they cry'd;
 Which one of the Bags was open'd wide,
 He was bid to take whate'er he pleas'd.
 Took 'em at their Word, and seiz'd
 Silver and of Gold,
 As much as his Right Hand could hold.
 Now, said he that spoke so rough before,
 Striping Son of a confounded Whore?
 You no Conscience? Can't you be
 As moderate as we?

M O R A L.

was, when Rebels had pull'd down
 the Scepter, and the Crown,
 Way of Moderation.

They took your Money civilly;
 And parting, cry'd, The Lord be wi' ye.
 Without opprobrious Names;
 Well knowing, that a Curse or two,
 Would nothing for their Purpose do,
 But spoil their After-Games;
 Because it was enough to kill,
 To covet, backbite, whore, and steal,
 And make bold with the second Table,
 Not through the Decalogue to burst,
 And to break in upon the first,
 By cursing like the Villian in the Fable.

The true Picture of a Modern Ecclesiastick.

A Wag of a Droll, was resolv'd to make merry
 On the first of the Month that is call'd January;
 And so to a close-fisted Bishop he went,
 Whose Heart was as hard as an obstinate Flint,
 To beg, that his Lordship would give him a Lift
 With a Five Guinea-piece, for a New-Year's Tide Gift.
 Why, sure the Man's Mad, said the Prelate, I trow;
 And a hundred to one, believes me to be so. [verse you
 Prithce, Friend, with what ignorant Fellows con-
 That you think I'll do this for a mere God-a-mercy?
 Or imagine a Bishop can be such a Tony,
 As to give away such a huge Gobbit of Money?
 Nay, my Lord, said the Fellow, if that be too much
 For one of your Cloth to bestow at one Touch,
 I'll be thankful for something that is not so large;
 Be pleas'd to equip a poor Man with a George;
 But that would not do, and was counted a hard Thing,
 So he fell down next Bour to the Grant of a Farthing;
 Which being deny'd too, he made his Request,
 That he might with his Lord's Benediction be blest'd.
 De tout mon Coeur, you shall have it, said he;
 My dearly Belvoed, come down on your Knee.
 Your Excuse, my good Lord, quoth the Fellow, not I,
 For now its my Turn your Request to deny;
 Had your Blessing been worth but a poor Copper John
 Your Lordship had in your Desails went on,
 And not even this Piece of Charity done.

M O R A L.

AN ancient Proverb's in this Story's cross'd here,
 Which says, No Penny, there's no Paster Noster;
 And makes it obvious to their Eyes, who've any,
 The Pater Noster comes without the Penny;
 That still that Adage in one Sense may hold;
 What saves a Penny, is as good as sold.

The General Peace.

A Fox was out upon the pilf'ring Lay,
 According to the Methods of his Kind,
 In Quest of his beloved Prey,
 But high or low could nothing find.
 At last, as Luck would have't, he spy'd
 A Cock upon a Tree at Roost,
 With all his Heas on either Side,
 And thus did Chanticleer accost:
 How now, my Friend, what makes you there?
 Your Business on the Terra firma lies:
 Cocks are not Tenants of the Air.

